A REQUEST.

Farles, find me a fern-strewed dell, Whose soft floor slopes to a purling stream, Where the violet nods to the heather bell And the willows tremble and weep and Down where the trees are so thick and That, arching above, the heat of the sun s scarcely felt, nor its brightness seen, And daylight and twilight are merged in

Where the warblers and vireos chirp and sing, Plucking the cones of the fragrant pine, And the catbird whirs on its rapid wing Or broods in its nest in thorny vine. And when you have found me this fresh, cool

Make me a hammock and stretch it there Between two willows; then write me a beek, Some light reading—I little care. Then, requisite more than all things else,
Get a preity girl in a summer gown;
A girl with eyes that glow and then melt,
With lips of coral and hair dark brown.
Let her sit by my side with a fan,
To cool my brow of its damp and hot,
To stroke my hair with her set, white hand,
And I den't care whether school keeps or
not.

-Laffan B. Merry.

EL VAQUERO.

"Ave Maria," a herder said. One night in sight of Santa Pe, Where ground and blanket were his bed, And all around his cattle lay.

"Ave Maria, full of grace—"
How strangely solemn were the wordt,
In such a wild and dreary place
Beneath the stars, among the herds.

"Pray for us in the hour of death—"
And softer still the murmuring came,
Until at last the lisping breath
Ceased with the sweet and holy names.

# Scenes in the West.

THE SWORD BEARER'S REBELLION---EARTHQUAKES AND FARO GAMES --- FIERCE INDIAN BATTLES."

ATE in September, 1887, an apparently unimportant entente occurred at the agency of the Crow Indians in Montana. The meeting, however, primarily confined to less swept through the nation, passed beyond the control of the local civil and military authorities, and culminated in a battle fought on the 5th of the following Novemon the Little Horn river, within 10 miles of Fort Custer, and less than two miles from the agency itself, a brief engagement, wherein 2,000 Indians and 14 infantry companies and cavalry troops of the U. S. army were actively or passively engaged. The circumstances attending outbreak and the incidents of the brief campaign which ensued, were so remarkable as to justify the assertion that in all the annals of our Indian wars there is no chapter to surpass it in peculiar interest, while it reveals a weird and startling picture of savage life and character. such as the illumined pages of American border history nowhere eise presents.

The first causes of discontent, which so quickly ripened into open and armed reainst the hitherto respected authority of the agent and the army forces stationed near, may be briefly given as

In the summer of 1885, Sitting Bull with 100 Sioux followers, was permitted by our most lenient interior department to visit the Crows at their agency. While there the sojourning warriors were granted leave to hold a war dance at the monu-ment on the Custer battle field. During the impressive exercises attendant upon this savage ceremonial, the Sioux excited the envy of the Crows by invidiously contrasting the policy pursued by the govern-ment in the treatment of the two nations. Sitting Bull thus addressed them:

"Look at that monument, it marks the work of my people. We are respected and feared by the white man because we killed his great chief and more than 300 of his warriors upon this spot. ceive one and one-half pounds of beef per ration, you get one pound; we do no work but ride and visit our friends. See your little log houses and farms. You are the white man's slaves, he is teaching you to labor only that you may forget the e of your war paint, and the battle of your fathers are stolen from the lips of your children by the senseless chants of the 'black robes' (Catholic priests). Is there no blood in the veins of your young men? Rise up against the bloodless cor quest that is turning your people into slaves. The red man was made by the Great Spirit to fight and to hunt, and be free as the prairie winds. It is the white man's business to work. He is only a sol-dier when he is paid to be." This visit occurred in midharvest when the Crows were busy with important farming operations, and the memorable address was made within the sound of busy reaping machines bought by the government for the use of the Indians, which it seeks to civilize through the agency of labor.

Nearly two years later the Piegan Indians of the north, a tribe of prairie freebooters who are daring and irrepressible borse thieves, made a successful raid upon the Crow herds on the Big Horn. They escaped beyond the Yellowstone with their booty, but were closely followed by a small party of Crows under the leadership of a young medicine man known by the Indians as Shesh-Tan-Pash (literally Wraps-Up-His-Tail), by the whites as Sword Bearer, who made successful re-

sown, and took deeper root than was be-

le

re

prisals on the enemy. Shesh-Tah-Pash was said to have gained his prestige by his triumphs in a sun dance, in which he displayed remarkable stoicism while under torture, while he was also credited with marked gifts as a sorcerer. Immediately upon the return of the raiding Crow band with the captured the agent for the Piegans manded the restoration of the stock, and orders were issued to the tribe in genera to deliver up to the stock inspector at the Crow agency all animals not belonging to

This the Indians refused to do, and soon after Sword Bearer and a few sympathizers began riding around the mission and through the fort grounds in a noisy and defiant manner, the malcontents increasing in numbers daily and gaining more and more confidence as the inactivity of

the government continued. At last the situation became sufficiently alarming to determine the war department to enter upon a systematic campaign for the purpose of not only effectually suppressing the present insurrection, but administer such a salutary lesson to the rebellious Indians as would be likely to deter them from any repetition of their insubordinate conduct in the future.

Troops were accordingly ordered to the but I'll do the best I can for you. I will

scene from every available point, the three arms of the service being called into requisition, and within two weeks foureen companies of infantry and cavalry and two batteries of Hotelikiss guns were

upon the ground, now occupied by up-wards of two thousand Indians. The prophet was declared by his disciples to be invisible to the whites, and was said to ride every day unseen through the military camps. The warlike preparations of the soldiers seemed to inspire no alarm, and the squaws were set to work with all kinds of implements digging rifle pits along the front of the Indian position. Little by little the true cause o remarkable confidence displayed by the rebels became known. It was their unshaken belief that their great medicine man was possessed of the power, which he was soon to display, of causing the whole-sale destruction of all belonging to the white race against whom he might lift his sword. The battle followed, a detailed account of which some time ago appeared in the STANDARD, and at its beginning Sword Bearer displayed most remarkable nerve, but he was the first to fall. The immediate surrender of the camp resulted and a passing episode was added to human history.

It was but a little part of the inevitable conflict between savagery and civilization, but it was not withou: pathos and a

A TENDER HEARTED JUDGE. Written for the Standard.

S A RULE legal trials are dull af-fairs, and the prosy pleadings of lawyers and dry rulings of judges weary the listener; but I attended one that was decidedly interesting. It was a case tried before Judge B., the police mag-istrate of Nogales, Arizona. The judge had limited legal knowledge; but he was a warm-hearted and outspoken man. He possessed a large vocabulary of slang, and his opinions from the bench, if they were not models of English diction,

couched in the concisest language.

A Mormon elder living in a remote section'of that country had been arrested on a warrant, sworn out by his Gentile neigh-bors, charging him with violating the antipolygamy laws of the territory. He brought before Judge B. for a preliminary trial. All the judge could do was simply to hear the evidence in the case, and if he deemed it sufficient, bind the accused over to appear for trial at the district court. This Mormon patriarch had for years been striving to obey the scriptural injunction and the practical precepts of Brigham Young, to "increase and mul-tiply on the face of the earth," How well the elder fulfilled his self-imposed mission may be inferred from the fact that during the trial it was proved that three women him as their individual and collective husband and a dozen or more children claimed him as their father.

When the elder came into the cour room, accompanied by his wives and numerous children, it looked like a kinder garten broken loose. The testimony for the state was soon taken, and the evidence showed conclusively the guilt of the prisoner. The judge asked the accused if he had any evidence to offer in defense. But none was offered.

The elder begged the judge to exercise elemency, saying that he was an old man, and if he was sent to prison he would not live out his term of sentence; that for 15 years he had lived in his rural home, with his wives and children, a peaceful and happy life, until meddling Gentile neighbors and an energetic deputy sheriff had brought him and his family into court.

The judge informed the elder that he had no intention of sending him to the penitentiary, but would only bind him over to the district court, where he would have a fair and impartial trial.

The eider then with a sobbing voice depicted in glowing terms the happy life he had led and the many years he had passed in connubial bliss. His wives came to his aid and each one sobbed in a different key, and the children joined in the weep-

The judge was a tender-hearted man and this deluge of tears visibly affected bim. He could control his feelings no longer, and exclaimed: "Well, I think it is a d-d shame a man ain't allowed to have but one wife. But the law says you shan't, and I'll enforce the law if I break a suspender. Old man, you say you get along peaceably with all your wive

"That is the truth," sobbed the elder "We live in peace and harmony and strife and contention among us is never

"Well, old man," responded the judge, "you must be built different from me, then. I have only one wife and we fre-quently quarrel. I think you are too good

dismiss the case and let the United States court prosecute you. I will not prosecute a man who can live peacefully with three wives and never have a quarrel. To me it looks like persecuting a saint instead of prosecuting a

The judge, true to his word, dismissed the case. But the United States attorney was not so tender-hearted, as in less that a month the elder was tried by the federal court and incarcerated in the peniten tiary, where he stayed until he promised to obey the law in the future and to dis card his surplus wives. Anaconda, June 29.

A FARO STORY.

HENEVER I see a faro game l am reminded of a story told on Silverpeg, an old prospector. He was a taciturn man and spent most of his time prospecting in Sonora and Ari-zona. He got his nickname from the fact that one of his legs was amputated at the knee, necessitating his wearing a wooden peg, and the additional fact that he was always prospecting for silver. Silverper had two ambitions in life—one was to strike a rich silver mine, in which event he swore he would make himself a silver

leg to replace the wooden one he hobbled around on: the other was to beat fare by his system. His system was for certain eards to win clear through and others to loose in the same manner.

For years Silverpeg had spent his summers in prospecting, without finding a "rich silver mine." On the advent of winter he would come to town and endeavor to break the faro banks with his system. The day the earthquake occurred he was at Bavispe ionora, and was playing faro. He was playing his system, and had been copper-ing the jack. The jack had lost three times. Silverpeg was in a happy mood as his system was proving a winning one. He coppered the jack clear up to the limit. being sure that his system was right and that the jack would "lose out." But bedealer could make a fore the walls of the house shook and chairs and tables began to slide over the floor and the dealers and players, badly frightened, made a rush for the When they got out on the street the shock was over. The players, after recovering from their fright, resumed their places at the table. They had been so suddenly surprised by the shock that they had not gathered up their checks, which, on their return, were apparently

The shock had knocked the copper off of Silverpeg's bet and he had not noticed it. The dealer took the bet in and Silverpeg was dumfounded. He saw what the earthquake had done. His disgust was intense. Gathering up his remaining chips he cashed them in, and turning to the players he said: "Boys, I played fare before I learned the Lord's prayer; I have tackled 'brace games' before, but this is the first time I ever struck a bank where Providence stood in with the house. system was all right and if the Lord had held back that shock a few deals I would have broke the bank. I can beat the box but I can't beat Providence. I will never play fare again. The odds are too great, Silverpeg kept his word and no inducement could ever persuade him to play

just as they had been placed. The dealer took his seat, made a turn and the jack

Anaconda, June 29.

SHESH TAH PASH.

Writter for the Standard. ROM the mists of the morning time in the life of the human race up to the midday splendor of the present era in the grand procession of events in its history, the faltering steps of man through the slowly lifting shadows of the centuries have been illumined by trembling beams of the starlight of faith in the existence of a transcendent unseen guiding and helping power, and a hope of immortality beyond the grave. The all absorbing interest of his being has led to manifold forms of outward expression in religious observance and worship, amid the great family of man, and there has never been at any period of his existence, of which even traditional records bave been preserved, an entire absence of spiritual veneration and homage to some

ype of supernatural power. In accordance with this belief and hope, ourning brighter than all others in the bosom of man, some tangible manifesta-tion and revelation of the divine majesty has been awaited with undying faith, and as a consequence upon it there have appeared at various times in his midst false Messiahs and prophets who have promsed the regeneration of the world. coming at last of the master wrought the promised fulfillment of the full measure of man's noblest yearnings and purest as pirations and to a vast portion of the world the promised proof was given. With the death of the Savior, however, the chapter was not closed, and harbingers of new auguries have again and again appeared, all save one, the prophet of Islam, to leave no other impress than a

name upon the annals of the race. Serenus of Syria. David Abrin, Abraham Abulafia and Labattai are no longer known outside the encyclopedias, yet each was in his day a personification of a new theophany, or self-assertive inspired teacher of a new doctrine of sanctification by faith. Within our own century, Joseph Smith, a thriftless adventurer, received in a pretended vision revelations from the Angel Maroni, which led to the professed discovery of translation of the Book of Mormon, and a great sect was founded. which numbers in our day a vast follow-

Among the so-called prophets and saviors of modern times, none have been more remarkable than Shesh-Tah-Pash, the dead leader of the late rebellion among the Crow Indians. Few have invested him with the character of a divine pretender, but such in fact was the dramatic assumption of the slain warrior, and with him died the hope of his people in the ultimate triumph and regeneration of their race. A young man of no previous note in the tribe, he led a successful foray against the enemies of his people, and attained at once to prominence. Resisting with a few of his followers the order directing his arrest by the Washington

authorities, he became so recklessly deflant as to excite first the wonder then the admiration of the whole nation. Suddenly the spirit of prophesy burst in burn-ing words of savage cloquence from his lips, and following the ancestral custom he withdraw to solitary vigils in the mount-ains, where in the fancied spiritual presence of his fathers he received the revelation which premised the release of his people and their restoration to the sole occupation of the land. The white race was to be utterly destroyed and the Indian be made ruler over all other races of men. The great spirit promised to place in his hands the material for the recreation of the world and to bestow happiness upon

the Indian forever.

There is little doubt, in the light of events, that this poor savage faithfully believed in the pretension of his divine mission, and that he went forth upon that fair November day prepared to see the sun set upon the triumph of his people.

Doubtless in his ionely watches, during which he passed days without food and practiced self-inflicted tortures that he might not sleep, that visions and hallucicreate an unwavering faith in his self-assured powers. So earnest and so magnetic did be become that the most conservative leaders of the tribe, who had grown gray in their peaceful submission to the government, became his ardent ad-herents. Many of them came to the agent and protested their fealty to the Great Father, but in trembling accents asserted the restless faith which compelled them to bow to their prophet.

Upon the day of the battle no grander instance of devoted bravery was ever manifested than was shown by the fated medicine man. With head erect and bared breast he rode flereely around the circle of cavalry and infantry, which, drawn up in battle array, with glittering arms confronted the Indian camp.

At the head of his little host he calmly faced the cavalry charge which eventu-ally dispersed the hostile ranks, but with the failure of his boasted power to carry death to the enemy by the sweep of his magic blade, the splendid courage which had upheld him amid the flying bullets instantly vanished, and he became again the cowardly savage and fled for his life. Those who witnessed the noble presence and intrepid daring of this obscure Indian, as upon that day, in flaunting robes of searlet, he rode in utter contempt of danger before the statuesque armed lines of soldiers thirsting for his life, beheld a transfiguration such as the pages of his-tory present no more wonderful instance.

#### CONFIDENCE,

Oh, you merry, idle fellow, high upon a beech on, you merry late relow, high upon a secen bough swaying.

Have you really no employment all the long, bright forehoon through

But to watch the colden sunbeams 'mid the green leaves fitting, playing.

And the glist hing pilewort gleaming in the meadows under you?

Pretty maiden, pretty maiden, in the branches green and shady
There's a nest with five eggs resting on a smooth and cozy bed.

And shee the dawn of morning I am singing to a lady
Who above her cozy dwelling lifts, to hear me, her brown head.
But now tell me, pretty maiden, do you linger here each morning
Just to see the daisies flutter as the sound wind rushes by,
Or to view the Lenten lilles all the breezy slopes adorning. BLACKBIRD

adorning.

Or the tassels swinging gayly on the scented larch trees nigh?

MAIDEN.

Whisper, blackbird, for a moment; much, indeed, I love the meadows,
Gorsy fells, and Fragrant larch woods, where the south winds marmur low
To the wind flowers flushed and trembling, and the shifting lights and shadows—
But I'm watching for my lover, and you must let no one know.

Chembers' Journal.

-Chambers' Journal.

#### PRAYED INSTEAD OF FOUGHT

UST AFTER dark on the 17th of May, JUST AFTER dark on the 17th of May, 1885, the Apache chiefs, Geronimo, Natchez, Nana, Mangus and Chibua-hun, with about fifty painted warriors, stole away from the White Mountain reservation in Arizona and went on the war path, not with bows and arrows, as their forefathers had done, but with improved rifles and well-filled cartridge belts.

These poor government wards, who had enjoyed all winter the manifold blessings of the "prayer-and-beefsteak-rare" policy till they were sleek, fat and defied the army and raided toward Old Mexico, leaving a trail of blood unparalleled in the history of Indian wars. Why did Chief Geronimo lead his petted warriors against the white settlers cause, as he stated when he surrendered to General Miles at Skeleton canyon, two Indian anarchists, Mickey Fee and Cnatto, called him the squash-raising chief and bad sworn to assassinate him at the first opportunity, and because his three squaws were continually cooking his

potatoes with the "jackets on."

This being the status, the cavalry gave chase immediately, regardless of departmental or national lines. The trail was followed by day and by night, in sunshine and storm, over rugged mountains and down dark, winding eanyons, which in years gone by had proven an asylum to the hostiles, but a graveyard to the cavalrymen; thence across miles and miles of sun-scorceed mesas, where springs and water holes were unknown, and watermelon cactus gave up its cooling liquid. Down into the southeastern county of Arizona—Cochise—the cavalarymen chased the hostiles, and in order to prevent the renegades from enorder to prevent the renegades from en-tering Mexico nearly every noted spring and pass from the Patagonia mountains to the Rio Grande was guarded by small details of soldiers. The cunning Apaches saw the danger and were equal to the emergency. Geronimo divided his war-riors into small squads and entering Old Mexico at his own sweet will, some cross-ing over west of the Mule mountains, another party via Lake Polomas, while the last of the hostiles passed through Guadalupe canyon.

Guadalupe canyon.

Sergeant Munich of the Fourth Cavalry Sergeant Munich of the Fourth Cavalry was detailed in charge of a party of six enlisted men to guard Guadalupe canyon, and to his care was consigned a magazine wagon filled with ammunition for the troops along the Mexican frontier. The camp was beautifully located in an open space beside cool running water, where firewood and wild game were in abundance, and there within the shadow of the frowning walls of that isolated canyon frowning wails of that isolated canyon nor was any of his party, and naturally his the military rules were adhered to with find was revealed only to his friends in his

the same fidelity as if they were encamped at the regimental headquarters. About 12 o'clock a band of Chiricahu About 12 o'clock a band of Chiricanu Apaches passed down a ravine in the rear of the camp on their way to the Sierra Nevada mountains in Old Mexico. The camp was unobserved until the hostiles came on the windward side, when a squaw who was acting as right flanker near the rear of the column detected on the cause breast the delicious aroma of

near the rear of the column detected on the canyon breeze the delicious aroma of baked beans (Boston style), Java coffee, roasted venison, quail potpie, chaparralcock saute, fresh biscuits, Mexican cheese and stewed wild grapes. The squaw sniffed the air with a relish and craned her neck to ascertain whence came the odors which whetted her appetite. She surveyed the country from a high point and not far off she saw smoke curling up from behind a battlement of rugged rocks, which indicated that a camping party was enjoying a meal.

enjoying a meal.
Quickly she communicated what she saw

Quickly she communicated what she saw to the other squaws, who in turn sent the news along the line, which brought the warriors back in haste. Chief Natchez, after a reconnoisance, was convinced that there were were no other soldiers near, and he ordered his warriors to advance cautiously under cover of the rocks, while one of the squaws kept a good lookout from behind a bunch of cootillas on the mountain side. Natchez led his warriors within 40 yards of the camp without detection, and for several minutes he watched mountain side. Natchez led his warriors within 40 yards of the camp without detection, and for several minutes he watched from behind the rocks the movements of the cavalrymen. As the soldiers assembled around the improvised table he counted them—seven. When the sergeant bent over to fill his cup with coffee Natchez gave the signal, and a sheet of fire leaped from the rocks and hissing lead tore through the camp, killing two and wounding the sergeant. "To arms!" shouted Private Grover, as he sprang over the body of a dying comrade and raised his carbine. Those who were able cheyed the command and returned the fire, save one who rushed frantically behind the tent, and falling on his knees, prayed aloud. The Apaches hugged the rocks and exposed but one side of their faces at a time, while they sent volley after volley into the troopers. Another soldier, while in the act of firing, pitched forward and fell prone upon the ground dead.

The smoke of the conflict hovered like a cloud over the camp, and Private Grover hoped that he might be able to carry the wounded sergeant on his shoulder to a

cloud over the camp, and Private Grover hoped that he might be able to carry the wounded sergeant on his shoulder to a place of safety among the rocks. He had not gone more than 20 yards, however, when the seargeant received his death wound. Tenderly the private laid the gasping soldier down, and kneeling beside the body, fired repeatedly at the advancing foe, who, embeldened by success, made the canyon echo with savage yells. Hope almost died in his breast as a shower of lead ricocheted against the rocks and plowed the ground at his feet. Still he faced the enemy. His faithful carbine flashed again and brought a smile to his face as a warrier rolled backward in agency.

face as a warrior rolled backward in ag-ony.

A blaze developed the magazine wagon—the tarpaulin was on fire—and an ex-plosion followed which made the earth tremble, and down the walls of the dark canyon huge stones relied from their places, and, gathering momentum, awept onward like an avalanche, failing in a chaotic mass at the bottom. During the confusion which followed Private Grover and a companion made their escape, the man who had been praying instead of fighting having already disappeared.

man who had been praying instead of fighting having already disappeared.

The Indians qualled at the shock and crouched behind the boulder in hopes that the Great Spirit would protect them from all barm. Presently they came forth and robbed and scalped the dead and dying. They looted the camp, and what they did not want was consigned to the fire, after which they proceeded on their way to the Sierra Madre mountains.

What followed must not be told, but

Sierra Madre mountains.

What followed must not be told, but when the cavalcade, brought by Grover and his companion, came to care for the slain the bardest heart melted at the sight.

slain the hardest heart melted at the sight. To-day an imposing monument, erected by their comrades, marks the resting place of the brave soldiers in the little graveyard at the base of Mount Helen's dome in the noted Apache pass, 16 miles south of Bowie station, Ariz.

Private Grover received a medal for bravery and in the records of the secretary of war at Washington, D. C., the following is written opposite the name of a cavalryman, the one who prayed instead of fighting: "Missing supposed to have been captured and killed by the Indians in the fight at Guadalupe Canyon."

been captured and killed by the Indians in the fight at Guadalupe Canyon."

On Decoration day the writer was strolling late in the evening in Golden Gate park, and as he was crossing the suspension bridge, near the music stand he noticed a young man dressed in the height of fashion, sitting in a carriage and looking intensively at the Key statue. Semething in the young man's face attracted the attention of the observer, who approached the carriage, and, after giving a military salute which was not returned, ried to engage the occupant in conversaa military salette which was not returned, tried to engage the occupant in conversation. With a flush face he stared at the interlocutor for a second, and then, without uttering a word, drove hurriedly away. There was a saber-cut on the left side of his face just such as had adorned the face of the praying coward at Guadalupe Canvon. San Francisco Chronicle.

### FINDING OF YREKA FLAT.

WAY back in the mining days, says a writer in the Quincy Whig, a party of 14 gold seekers—I was one of the number-left El Dorado county "to better diggin's." Indian trail leading up the Sacramento to Oregon, and the noble river soon narrowed down to a rivulet. We passed along the base of grand old Mount Shasta, following on the Oregon trail. Here about 39 miners were camped, digging and washing dirt that paid them from \$3 to \$5 a day. Most of them were from Scott river, and declared this better than anything they could find in that camp. This was a poser for us, so we determined to go to Rogue river to prospect. The start was to be made on the morrow, while the party of miners and campers decided to start on a prospecting tour down the Sacramento river to Shasta city at the same time. This was the 20th of March, 1851.

The horses and mules of the camp were grazing together, and the exhibitation of a warm sun caused them to start out for a run just as we were starting to drive the to camp to pack up. We tried hard to camp to pack up. We tried hard to capture them, but the whole hand dis-appeared over the low hills, and we were compelled to follow them by their fresh tracks in the snow and mud. At last we sighted them several miles from camp in a large flat or basin, grazing on "bunch-grass" up to their knees. When we were scattered out to heard them together to go to camp one of the men. Ballou by name, saw in the fresh dirt turned up by the foot of a horse a nugget of gold. He hastily picked it up and pocketed it without being observed. The horses were driven to camp and we were soon on the road to

Oregon.

Ballou was not an acquaintance of ours.

tent. Fourteen years later I met Ballou at Salt Lake, and he told me what our party had missed by rushing away on the road to Oregon that afternoon in search of mines they did not find. The nugget found was worth about \$4.50. It was soon planned by the finder's party to postpone starting south, estensibly on account of the detention, and to take page and starting. planned by the finder's party to postpone starting south, estensibly on account of the detention, and to take pans and start from camp in different directions to prospect, and to come together out of sight of those not yet in the secret. When together they were guided by Ballou to the spot where they found the nugget on the surface. Pan after pan was tried, and from 50 cents to 85 to the pan was obtained, the best being in the dirt among the grass roots. Claims were staked, and when they returned to camp all those remaining were told of the discovery. Only a few hours passed before the entire camp was transferred to the new find. This was "Yreka Flat" in 1851. The town of Yreka now marks the locallity, from which much gold has been taken.

S ENATOR SAWYER of Wisconsin in the lumber regions of the North-He left New York state a comparatively poor boy, with \$200 in his pocket, which he carned by working on a farm. His brother was then a well-to-do farmer in his native state. As young Sawyer was bidding farewell his brother asked him how much money he had to begin life with in the West.

"I've got \$199 in my pocket," said the senator of the future. His brother gave him a dollar to make it an even \$200.

A few years ago Senator Sawyer, returning from a visit to Europe, stopped at his brother's house in New York state to spend a week amid the scenes of his youth. He noticed a cloud on his brother's face. One evening at supper the senator easually inquired into fortunes, and before the conversation closed, developed the fact that he was troubled over some outstanding notes. They were not exactly pressing, but as a thrifty farmer and a conscientious man generally, they troubled him. By adroit questioning the senator ascertained the mount of each note and the name of the holder. The next morning at breakfast he said to his brother:

"I want to use your horse and buggy today to take a drive over the country cail on some of my friends. But I go

The horse and buggy were got ready and away went the eccentric old senator.

They were sitting together that evening after supper when out of his coat pocket the senator drew a small package of pa-

pers and banded them to his brother. They were the notes representing an aggregate of \$1,300. He had paid and taken

them up. His brother was at first dumbfounded.
Still be was not averse to the senator's course. The notes had been scattered among three or four men. In the senator's hands they were all together, and then the senator was his brother, and it was only natural that he should prefer him as his creditor.

was only natural that he should prefer him as his creditor.

"Now you make out a note for the whole amount and I will secure it," he said.

"When I went West," said the senator, looking up at the border of the wall paper, "you gave me a dollar to make up the \$200 which I began life for myself. Probably you have forgotten it, but I never forget a financial transaction. Every dollar I took west earned \$1,450. The notes I took up to-day were for only \$1,300, and so, instead of being in my debt, I still owe you \$150. Here it is." And he handed him the amount in crisp bank notes already counted.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

## CARRIED OFF THE TRAP.

OT LONG ago a cow died in the vicinity of the Guinn ranch, hear the head of Goose creek, south of Wagon Wheel gap, says the San Juan, (Cal.) Prospector. It soon became apparent to William Guinn, owner of the ranch, ent to William Guinn, owner of the ranch, that the carcass of the cow was being visited by a bear of very large dimensions, and, in company with Dell McCleiland, Mr. Guinn decided to "sit up" with the bear and endeavor to get a good shot at it by night. This was done, but owing to darkness the bear was not killed by the shots fired. As a next resort a large bear trap weighing about 75 pounds, was procured and set near the dead cow, and the trappers went to bed laughing at the trick they had near the dead cow, and the trappers went to bed laughing at the trick they had played on the bear. The trap was chained to a pole 18 feet long and eight inches through at the large end. In the morning an examination of the premises about the dead cow showed plainly that the bear and a cub had been there during the night. There was a large track 18 inches long and 6 or 8 inches wide, and a small track, evidently made by a cub. The trap, however, was gone, and with it the 18-foot pole, and the disturbed condition of the ground showed conclusively that the bear had been caught in the trap. The trail, however, away from the scene was only the trail of two bears—there was not a mark of dragging either trap or pole.

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Mr. Guinn took up the trail, which he followed eight miles without coming upon the bears, trap or pole. At the camp of Tom Carey, seven miles away, that man told him how in the night he had been awakened by a sound of something walking, with an occaoional pause and heavy fall on the ground as if something had been dropped. Having no gun. Mr. Carey sat in his tent the balance of the night and endeavored to keep warm by poking wood into a sheet-iron stove. The trail was followed a mile or so further and then lost. In one place the bears had passed through a heavy quaking aspen thicket, and had literally mowed a swath through the bal erally mowed a swath through the sap-lings, showing that the trap and pele had been taken along. The natural inference is that the bear was caught in the trap, had picked up the same, with the pole, and started for the hills. A man just from the head of the San Juan reports that he passed the bears on the Pagosa road, beyond Summitville, jogging contentedly along, each carrying one end of the pole, while the old bear was caught in the trap by the right front foot.

Southern California produces 180,000,000 oranges a year—not enough to give three oranges to each inhabitant of the

#### MINUTIÆ.

A little vase, unseen, spread witching
Fragrance through a lady's bower;
A life was model'd till serene by
Cogent sunsion of a flower.
A tiny insect taught a king the soundest
Philosophic lore.
An infant finger curbed the sea that
Cauntie vain essayed before.
One word hath saved full oft a soul from
Sed apartion or despair.

Sad abortion or despair.

In fact our lives here scarce can count on Stouter cable than a hair.

—D. McK. Macarthur.